

## INDEPENDENCY,

## A S O N G.

(Tune: *Tom Tinker's my True Love.*)

**Y**E gen'rous Freeholders, who mean to decide,  
To curb false ambition, and humble high pride,  
The cause of our grievance no longer prolong,  
You'll find it the burthen and end of my song.

*A Son of a Duke we with patience might bear,  
But TWO at a time there's no mortal can bear.*

The dupes of the Great may to Freedom pretend,  
But ambition and int'rest, you'll find is their end;  
Exceeding just bounds, they deservedly fall,  
And a Certainty lose, when they strive to grasp all.

*A Son of a Duke, &c.*

The meeting at Morpeth evinced so plain  
The sense of the County, their efforts are vain,  
Each Freeholder's heart with his hand did agree  
They'll be Independent, and honest and free.

*A Son of a Duke, &c.*

Tho' the family of Percy we all must revere,  
Their virtues transcendent, must greatly endear;  
How gen'rous and noble with rapture we view,  
But the right of electing we cannot allow.

*A Son of a Duke, &c.*

Our own Independence we'll ever hold dear,  
And rev'rence our Nobles, but scorn—them to fear,  
Their greatness and grandeur, with pleasure we see,  
But yet we must shew them we mean to be free.

*A Son of a Duke, &c.*

Our Nobles exulting in power and in pride,  
On the day of election are fond as a bride;  
But gloomy chagrin, be assur'd, will ensue,  
Seeing us Independent; nay honest and true.

*A Son of a Duke, &c.*

Let's shew ourselves now to be all honest men,  
This chance if once lost, we shall scarce have again;  
To Belsay and Bywell, in voices agree,  
And shew that free Britons you mean now to be.

*A Son of a Duke, &c.*

Let each Independent, now have a full glass,  
Success to Sir William, and round let it pass,  
Next toast Mr Fenwick, let's honour the Name,  
A friend to our Freedom, the darling of Fame.

*Shew the Son of a Duke you with patience could bear,  
But TWO at a time sure no mortal can bear.*

*Northumberland,*